By history, report, or hfa own proof, What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose But must be,—will his free hours languish for Assured bondage ?

IMQ. Will my lord say so ?

IACH. Ay, niadam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by[s] And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know, Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope.

IACH. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much [4] In you,—which I account[5] his, beyond all talents,— Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound To pity too

IMO. What do you pity, sir ?

IACH. Two creatures, heartily*

IMO. Am I one, sir ?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me* Deserves your pity ?

IACH. Lamentable ! What! To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace F the dungeon by a snuff?

IMO. *I* pray you, sir, Deliver with more openness your answers To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

IACH. That others do,

enough, Patroclus;
" Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all " In pleasure of my spleen—." HARRIS. ^ — In himself, 'tis much ;] If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

s _ count—] Old copy—account. STEEVENS.